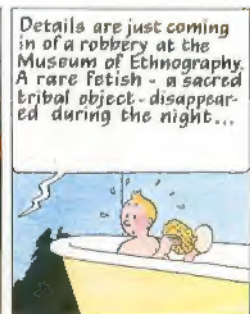
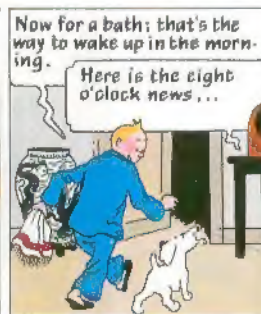


HERGE

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
THE BROKEN EAR



MAMMOTH



The loss was discovered this morning by a museum attendant. It is believed the thief must have hidden in the gallery overnight and slipped out when the staff arrived for work. No evidence of a break-in has been found...

Come on Snowy! To the Museum of Ethnography!



The Director? I'm afraid he's engaged: the police are here...



Now, to recapitulate... You say the attendant locked the doors last night at 1712 hours; he noticed nothing unusual. He came on duty this morning at seven. At 0714 he observed that exhibit No. 3542 was missing and immediately raised the alarm. Right?... Now this attendant is he reliable?



Besides, the fetish has no intrinsic value. In my judgement, it would only be of interest to a collector...



Great snakes! The Thompsons!

Why, it's our friend Tintin!



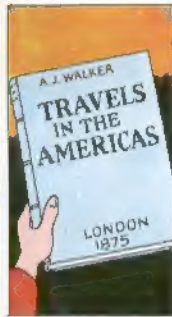
Have you any leads?

Well, the Arumbaya fetish has no in... er... no instinctive value... The solution is quite simple: it was removed by a collector.



Some hours later...

This is the book. I'm sure it has something about the Arumbayas.



Aha! This is interesting... Listen, Snowy. "Today we met our first Arumbayas. Long, black, oily hair framed their coffee-coloured faces. They were armed with long blow-pipes which they employ to shoot darts poisoned with curare..." You hear that, Snowy?



I've decided to stay there. These gentlemen were very generous and gave us a splendid



... Curare!... the terrible vegetable poison which paralyses one's breathing!... Oh! "Arumbaya Fetish"... But... but... it's the very one that's been stolen!



I therefore made an accurate sketch they urged me to take



Odd coincidence, don't you think, Snowy?... Snowy isn't interested... he's gone to sleep... I think I'll follow suit.



The next morning...



Help! It's bewitched!



Hello!... Hello?... Hello!... Is that you, sir?



Yes, who is that?... Oh, it's you, Fred... What? The fetish?... My goodness me! I'll come at once...





Extraordinary! There was the fetish this morning, back in its usual place, with this letter propped up beside it... What do you think?



Dear Director,

I bet a friend I could pinch something from your museum.

I won my bet, so here's your fetish back.

Please forgive my foolishness, and any trouble I have caused.

Sincerely,

X

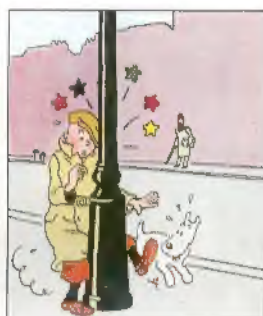


My mind is made up! This letter is anonymous. Nobody knows who wrote it!

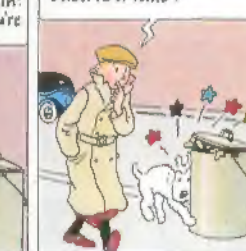
To be precise: I agree. An anonymous letter nobody wrote!



According to the police the case is closed... But that isn't my view...



So, am I the only one to know the fetish they put back is a fake?



Here's the proof. Walker, the explorer, says he made an "accurate sketch". And according to the drawing...



... the right ear of the Fetish is slightly damaged: there's a little bit missing.



But on the reinstated fetish the right ear is intact. So it must be a copy... Now, who would be interested in acquiring the real one? A collector? Quite possibly... Anyway, let's see what the press has to say about it.



FATAL OVERSIGHT

A strong smell of gas alerted residents this morning at 21 London Road. They sent for the police who effected an entry to the room occupied by artist Jacob Balchazar. Officers discovered the sculptor lying on his bed; he was found to be dead. It appears that the victim had forgotten to turn off the tap on his gas-ring. By some chance his parrot survived the fumes. Mr. Balchazar's work attracted the attention of art-critics, who particularly praised his series of wooden statuettes, his special technique being strongly reminiscent of primitive sculpture.



Half an hour later...

Excuse me...Is this the house where Mr. Balthazar lived?



Yes, this is it. Ooh, sir, what a tragedy!...Such a polite gentleman!...And all that learning!...Maybe he wasn't all that regular with the rent, but he always paid it in the end. And such a way with animals! A parrot and three white mice, that's what he had...



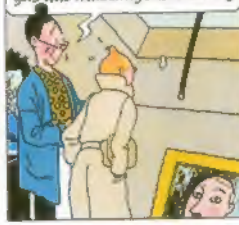
I'm minding the parrot for the time being. But I can't keep it. So if you know of anyone...



I'll take you up. Such a character he was...sniff...I can still see him...his everlasting black velvet suit, and that big hat...And all that smoking! A pipe in his mouth all day long, he had. But he never touched the drink...



This is where we found him...sniff...They had to send for a locksmith...the door was locked from the inside...The gas was whistling out of the ring.



A little scrap of grey flannel...



And so clever he was...Just look at those...flowers: you can almost smell them...



You knew Mr. Balthazar well?



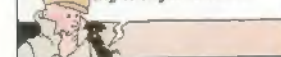
If by any chance you found a parrot-lover...it's such a friendly bird!



An accident?...funny sort of accident, I'd say...



A very funny accident!...The gas was whistling out of the ring. So, if the tap was on when Balthazar went to bed he'd have heard it. Unless he was drunk; but he never touched drink. Therefore someone turned the tap on after the sculptor was dead, since the gas wasn't strong enough to kill the parrot. And that someone was wearing something made of grey flannel and smoking a cigarette...



...witness the piece of cloth and the cigarette end, which couldn't have belonged to the victim: he only smoked a pipe, and he wore a velvet suit. So Mr. Balthazar was murdered. He was murdered because he'd probably made a replica of the Arumbaya fetish for someone. And someone didn't want him to talk... Someone?... Someone?... Who can that 'someone' be?...How can I find out?



Great snakes!... Why not?!



Excuse me, but I've been thinking. I'll buy Mr. Balthazar's parrot.



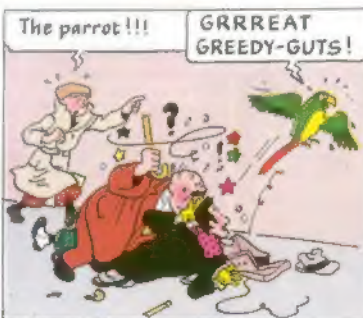
If you'd only been two minutes sooner! I just sold it. The gentleman who bought it was here a moment ago; you must have passed him.



Look, there he goes! You see the gentleman with a parcel under his arm? That's him.



Let's hope he'll agree to resell it to me.



Meanwhile...

It's raining, Professor. Don't forget your umbrella ...and remember your glasses.

Don't worry, Ernestine. My glasses are in the pocket of my jacket ...and I'll take my umbrella



What a curious-looking creature!

I must take a closer look...Now, where have my glasses gone? I know I put them in my overcoat pocket...



Oh, it's a bird.



Good morning. How'd you do? Pleased to meet you!



I...er... do forgive me, sir. I'm so absent-minded... Would you believe it: I mistook you for a bird!

Your advertisement reads "Lost: magnificent parrot. Large reward. Finder contact 26 Labrador Road." It will be in tonight's paper, sir.



Ees necesario to make advertisement about the parrot.



There: "Lost: magnificent parrot..." Look, there are two notices. I'll try the first address: it's nearer than the other.



The sooner the better!

Grrreat greedy-guts!

RRRRING



I came about the parrot. Are you the gentleman who...?



Ah, yes! Do come in!

Let's have a look...



It's him all right! I can't thank you enough. You wouldn't believe what he means to me. Please take the reward.



Goodbye, and thank you.



It's me who's grateful!

Now, I want to hear Polly run through his part! "What the parrot saw." But first...

... I need to buy a cage. Look after that box, Snowy. I'll be back in a few minutes...



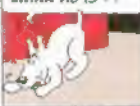
PWARK!
PWARK!



GRRREAT
GREEDY-
GUTS!



Who does he
think he is?!



Help! They're
fighting!...
I must be in time
to save Polly!



Grrreat greedy-guts!



Here, have you noticed?... There are two advertisements: and no one has brought back the parrot. It makes me wonder... is someone on the track of of Balthazar's killer?... Anyway, it's an address to remember: 26 Labrador Road.

Si, si... only two people see parrot escape... these old greedy-guts and thees young man...



Where's that wretched
parrot now?



CREAK

No doubt about it...
there's a burglar
in the flat...

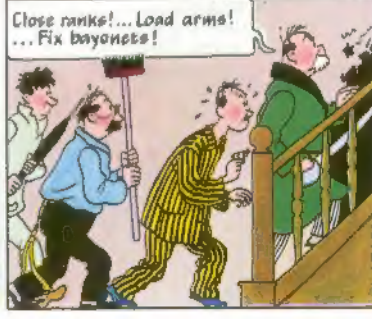
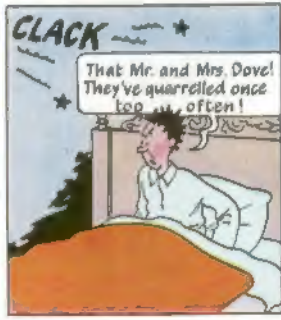


Careful... he's
in there...



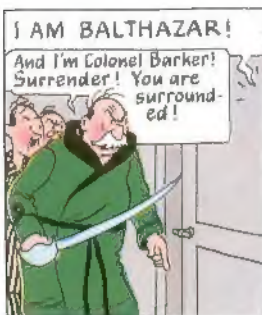
Put your hands up!





I AM BALTHAZAR!

And I'm Colonel Barker!
Surrender! You are surrounded!



Grrreat greedy-guts! ... I am Balthazar!



Next morning ...



Faithful unto death - a loving pet!
Last night the occupants of 21 London Road, awakened by strange noises, found ...



This time my luck's in!
Quick! A taxi!



TAXI! ...



TAXI!



I give up.
We'll have to walk.



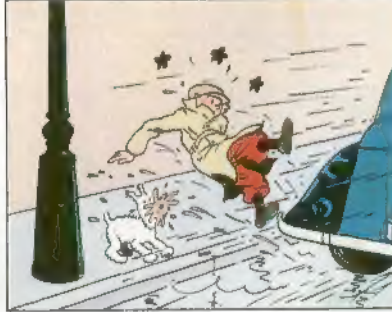
Oh? The parrot?
You really are unlucky.
The gentleman who bought it yesterday came to collect it again ... Not ten minutes ago ...



He beat me to it, the gangster. And now he's got the parrot back.



LOOK OUT!



Road hog! He couldn't have been closer if he'd tried to run you down!

Yes, he deliberately swerved to the left!



Are you hurt?

No, thanks. I had time to jump clear. I wouldn't have fallen if I hadn't tripped over the edge of the pavement.



I managed to get his number... Wait... 169... Yes 169 MW. That's it 169 MW. You'll have to ask the police.

169 MW
Thank you!



...I tell you, if that idiot hadn't warned him I'd have settled his hash!

S. si but truth ees you meess heem and from now he ees on hees guard. Ciertamente, knife ees better!



In that case, you'll have to practise harder: you always throw too far to the right.

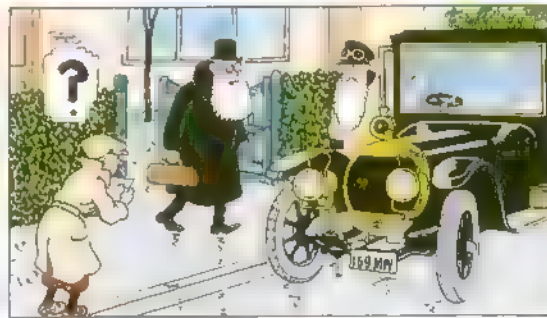
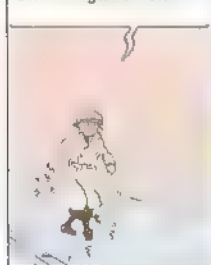
Only a teetle



That's it... 169 MW... Doctor Eugene Treblebob, 120 Minstrel's Way. Good!



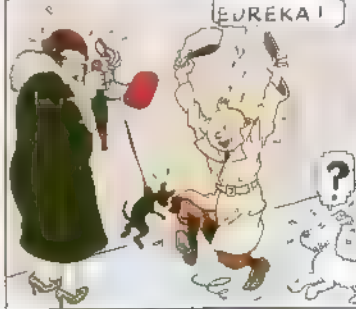
This time I'm sure I'm on the right track



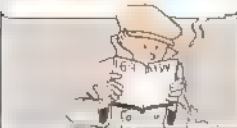
Wrong number!... That man who told me can't have seen it clearly...



Anyway it's possible they used false number plates on their car. Oh!



Look Snowy! You see 169 MW
Now watch one two



Three! Presto
MW 691!



They just turned their numberplates
ups de down Perfectly simple!



Now then MW 691
Alonso Perez
engineer, Sunny
Bank, Freshfield
Not far from
here to Freshfield
Let's go!



That night



Caramba! ..
Again ees too
much to right!



Ha! ha! ha!
Caramba!
WHOOPEE!



Estúpido
parrot! You
shut up!

All you need do is
aim more to the
left: that way
you hit the bulls-
eye



Muy bien, aim
more to the
left?
Why not?



GRRRREAT GREEDY-
GUTS! Silencio!
Silencio!
animal maldito!



Grrreat greedy guts!
Grrreat greedy guts!
PWARK!
PWARK!



You!
You take
that!

You fool! What are
you doing?



Caramba .
Missed again!



Crazy idiot! Think
what that parrot
means to us. Are
you out of your
mind? What about
the fetish?

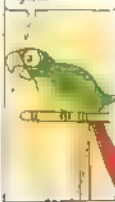


Fetish! Fetish! Alíñenlo
weeth thees fetish!
And I wreeng the neck
of thees feelthy
parrot!...



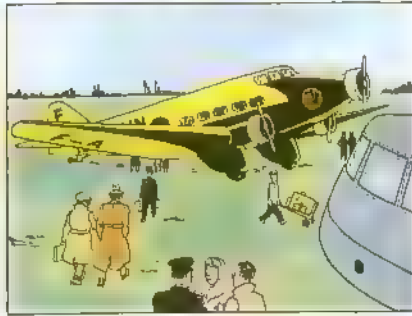
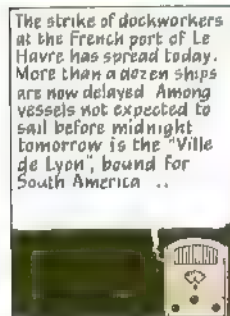
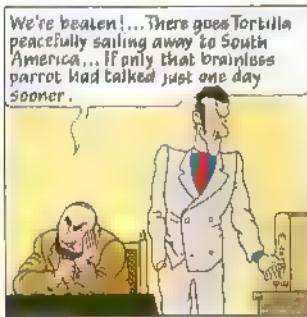
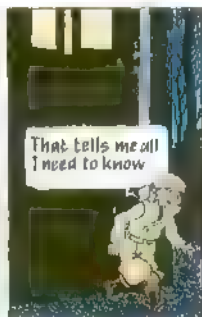
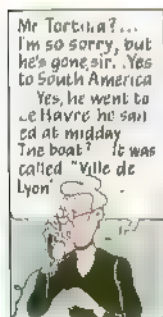
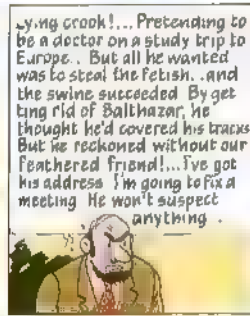
Calm down,
Ramón!

Caramba!
Ha ha!
Grrreat
greedy-
guts!



Caramba!





Now, clever Señor Tor
tilla, the fun begins!



Several days later

We! ?
St.!!
noth.ng?

Noth.ng No sign
of heem anywhere!

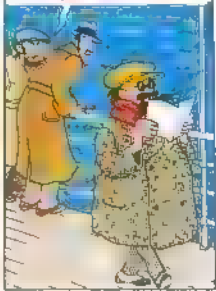


Perhaps he see us and he
keep to nees cabin... Or may-
be, he nevaire come aboard
thees ship.. Een thees
case.



Ssh! Someone's
coming.

Did you see?...



That feigure, eet could
be

Tintin,
couldn't it?



No, cierta
mente ees
impossible!
... Also, how
could he
know?



Sssh!



Or him?



It's crazy! We've started
seeing Tintins around
every corner! They're all
fairly short.
O.K... But what
does that prove?

Ees
right



But no, ees not right!
Eet ees heem! Ees first
one thees one in the
Cap! I remember heem
ees in same aeroplane
and he eet behind us
I'es following us! I tell
you, ees Tintin!



All right, there's
only one answer
He's got to go!



Esta noche... to-
night after the
turner, we fees
heem good!

That evening



Now, don't forget
aim a little more to
the left..



Goodnight!
Oh!

Goodnight to you!



A weeg! Ees wearing
a weeg! Ciertamente
ees heem!

Careful he's
coming! Now
above all, don't
miss!



OOH! ...
HELP! ...
MURDER!
HELP!



STOP THEM!



HELP! HELP!
MURDER!



Madre Ees close
cheeng. And to think
I meess heem as well!
...Ees your fault. You
weeth your "Leetle
more to the left"!



Well, it's the first time you
landed where you aimed...
Anyway, it's probably a
good thing you didn't
hit him since it wasn't
Tintin!



Ees right. But I could
swear eet ees heem.
Only hees voice when
he shout ees not
heem.



There's still the
other: the
little old
man.



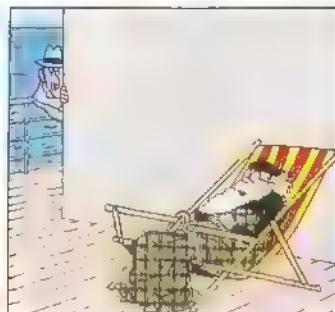
Next morning..

You are ready? We
now go to work weeth
thees leetle old
man.

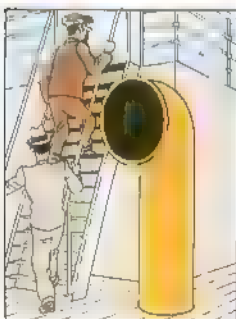


Ees heem!!
Heespy on us?

O.K., let's
see. We'll
follow him..



No, not that way. We
aren't sure it's him.
I've a better idea.
Come with me.

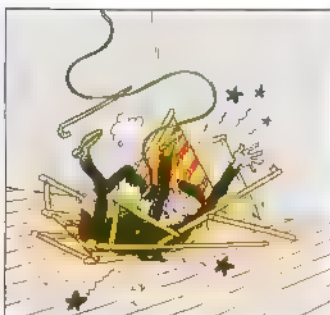


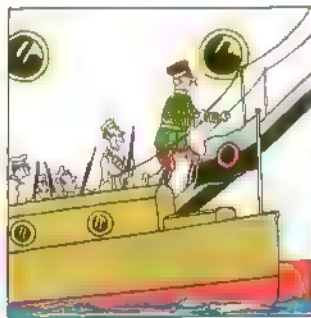
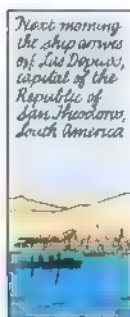
Get it? If it's Tintin, he
must be
wearing a
false beard
So..

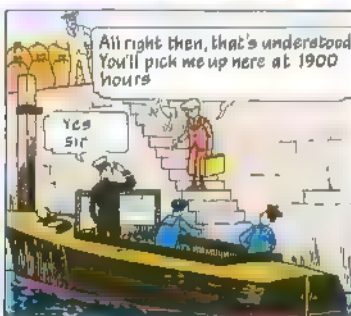
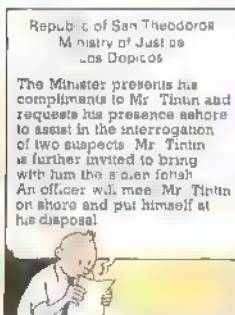


Steady!... You're nearly there
... A little to the right
Gently. Back a bit... That's
G... Now!











Well, well, here I am again... in the soup!



Still, it's not so bad. The launch from the "Ville de Lyon" is due to pick me up at seven. When I don't appear they'll go back to the ship and alert the Captain. He'll get me out easily enough.



Doesn't that dog belong to the lad they just took in?



Yes and I guess he'll have a long wait for his master.

1900 hours...



Pardons, señor teniente, but are you waiting for a young man to take out to the "Ville de Lyon"?

Yes, how do you know that?



Because he said to tell you not to wait for him. And here's a letter he asked me to give you...



"To the Captain of the Ville de Lyon." All right thank you.



That's that taken care of!



There's the launch going back. They'll warn the Captain.



... And there's the letter the man gave me.



Las Dopicos

Dear Captain

As you know, I planned to continue my trip with you.

However something new has come up concerning the theft of the fetish forcing me to stay longer in Las Dopicos.

I am extremely sorry if I have inconvenienced you.

What's happening? It must be nearly eight o'clock and the launch still isn't back...



TOOOOT TOOOT

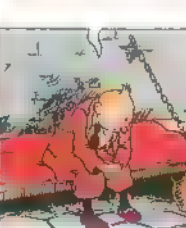
That's the Ville de Lyon!



They're weighing anchor... sailing without me!!



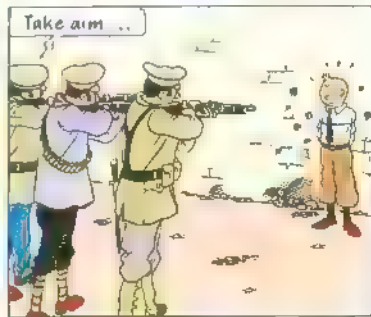
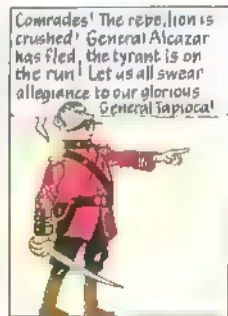
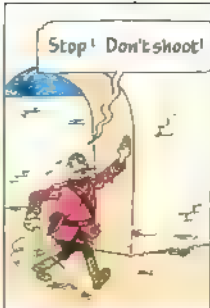
This time it's hopeless. I can't see any way to get myself off the hook...

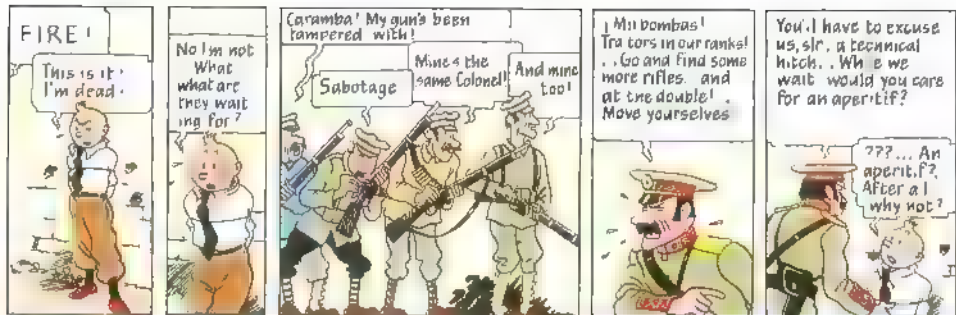


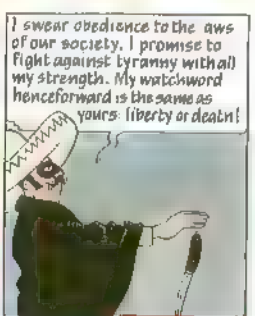
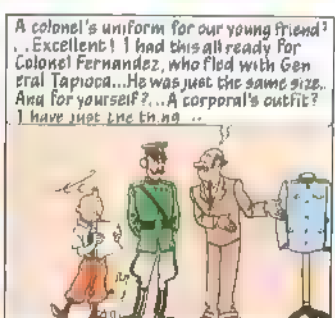
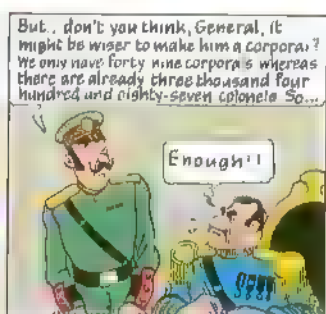
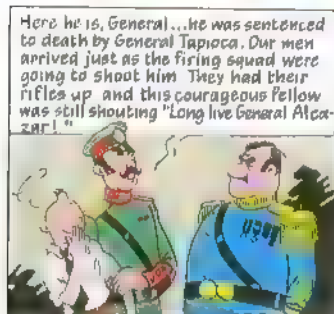
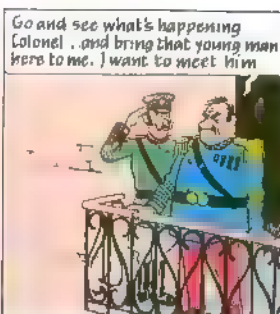
And next morning

Salud! Ready!









The next morning

Where's my new aide-de-camp? Not here yet?

Not yet, General



As soon as he arrives send him in. We have work to do.



Very good sir At once

Colonel.. How on earth did I come to be a colonel? I don't remember a thing



However, I'm still looking for the Fetish, and to do that I must resign my commission



No, gentlemen impossible. The general is waiting for his ADC. He won't see anyone this morning



Them!

Heem!

Oh



Ah, there you are, Colonel! We must get down to work. As for you, gentlemen: I cannot receive you this morning.. Come Colonel!



No more need for me to resign, for the time being.

The general choose them!

It's crazy!



Thesess bad!

Yes, now we'll have to deal with him all over again!



Meanwhile...

His office window is open... So far so good!



It's a delicate position...

Yes, very delicate.



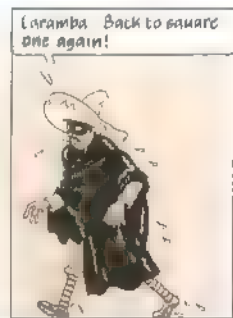
I'm sorry Your Excellency, but the General can't see you this morning. The General is extremely busy..

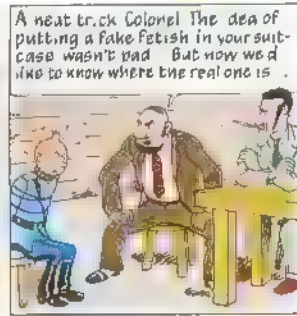


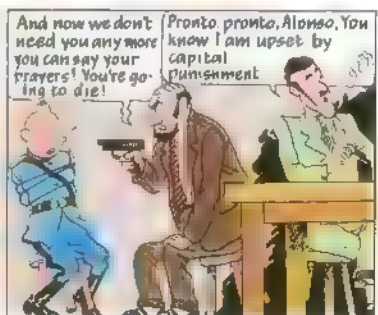
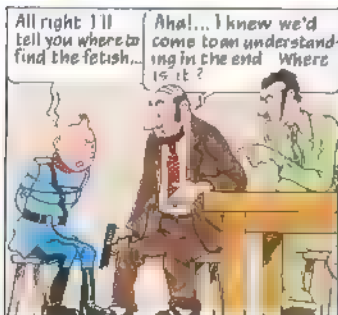
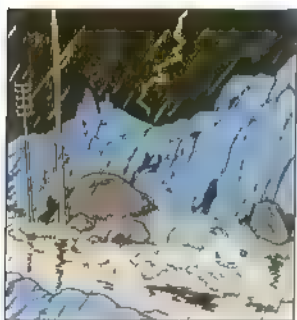
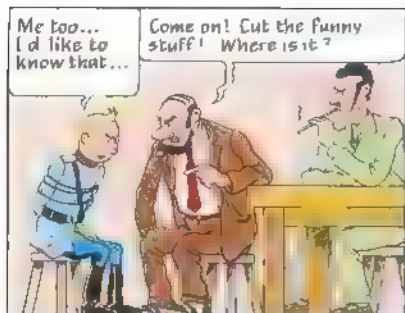
Checkmate, my dear Colonel!

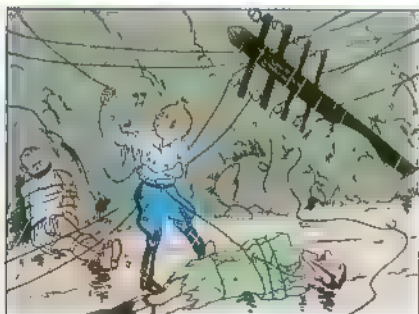
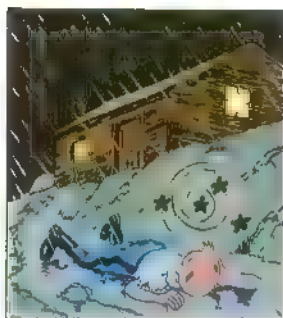
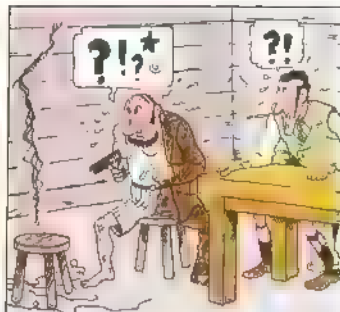
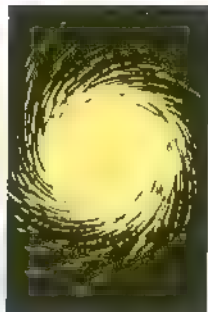
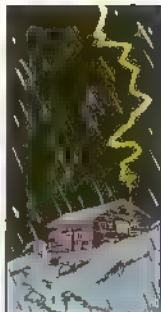
Goodness! You're right!

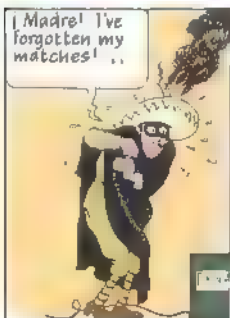
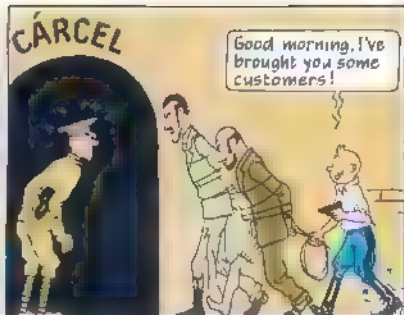
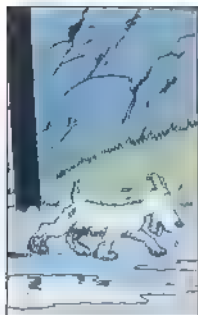


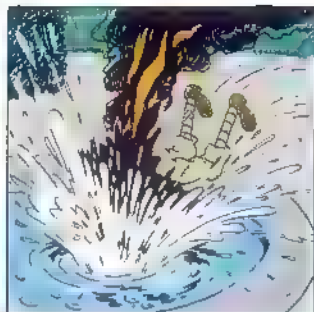
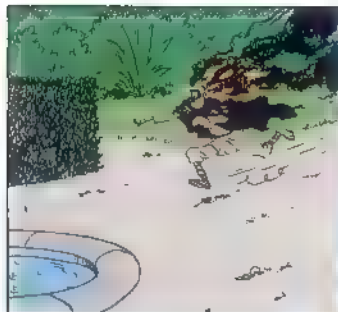












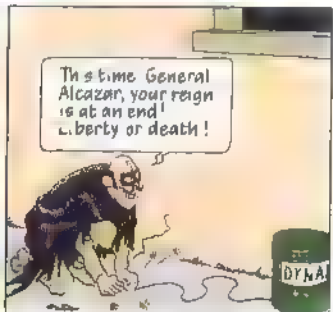
¡Mil millón bombas! You dare to beat me, your general?!

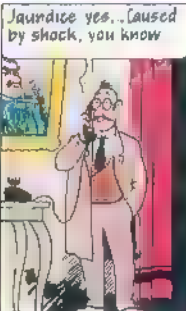
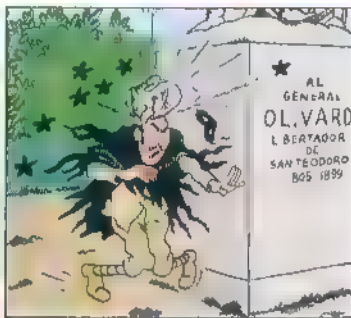
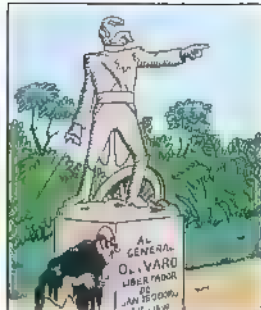
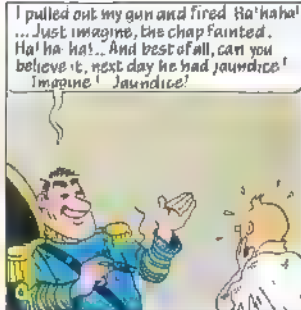


It's a little joke I often play on my officers, to frighten them. Naturally, my gun's always loaded with blanks



That reminds me of an aide I had a while back. Ha' ha' ha' ha'! One day, he beat me at chess. I pulled out my gun.





R W Tricker
representative,
General
American Oil
All right, show
him in



Good morning.
Do please
sit down



Well, Colonel, the reason I'm
here... I heard yesterday ...

Please excuse me

Yes, of
course



Hello? ... Hello? ... Yes.
Captain. What?! ...
They've escaped!



We are free,
and soon the
fetters are ours!



And soon we'll have
our revenge too: we have
old scores to settle with
Tintin!

Now, sir
I'm all yours.



Well, a geological survey party has
just announced evidence of oil de-
posits in the Gran Chapo region,
the desert lying partly in your own
country and partly in the neighbouring
territory, the Republic of Nuevo-Rico.

General American Oil
seeks to obtain a conces-
sion to work these fields.
Obviously, your govern-
ment will have an interest
in the profits that would
accrue



I see. I'm afraid
General Alcazar
is ill, and I
cannot



Of course, of course. But you
could render us invaluable service
I mentioned that part of the oil
fields lie in Nuevo-Rican territory.
My company wishes to exploit the
whole region, so it follows that
you must take over the area.

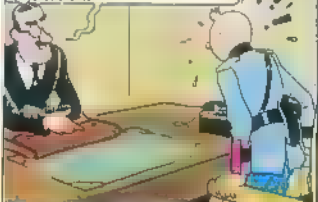


"But that would
mean war!"

Unfortunately,
yes. But what can
one do? You can't
make an omelette
without breaking
eggs, can you, Colonel?



So, here's the reason for my
visit. We will give you 100,000
dollars in cash if you will per-
suade General Alcazar to
undertake the campaign ...
Is it a deal?



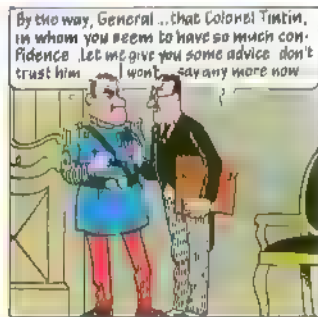
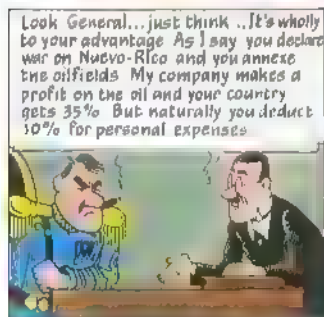
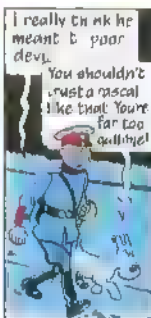
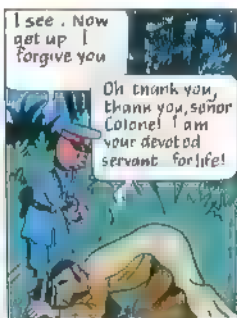
You're making a big mistake in
refusing my offer. But just as
you wish Colonel! Goodbye!



A dangerous fellow! He could
wreck all our plans. I must have a
word with Rodriguez about him.







Good morning, General Alcazar. I happened to be passing through your country, and thought I'd show you our latest models.



This is our very newest line: the 75 TRGP. It's a really high quality product: flexible, easy to handle, strong, and it will toss a nice little mchel-plated shell for you over a distance of 15 kilometres.



Who? This could be serious. Listen Ramon, las Dopicos. A detachment of Nuevo-Rican soldiers crossed into the territory of San Theodoros and opened fire on a border post. Guards returned the fire and a violent battle ensued. The Nuevo-Ricans were forced to retire across the frontier, having sustained heavy losses. The only casualty on our side was a corporal wounded by a cactus spine.



The airport ..



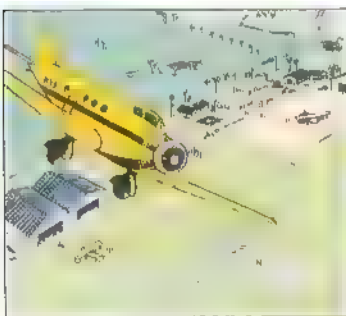
Now we are off to San facion the Nuevo Rican capital.



Very good sir.



... and six dozen 75 TRGP, with 60,000 shells, for the government of San Theodoros payable in twelve monthly instalments.



To General Mogador's palace.



Very good, señor.



Half an hour later.



Back to the airport.

Si, señor.

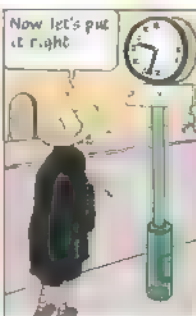
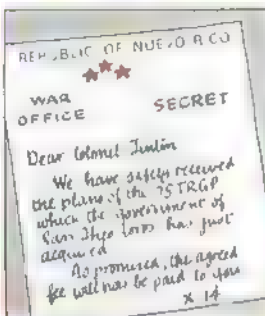
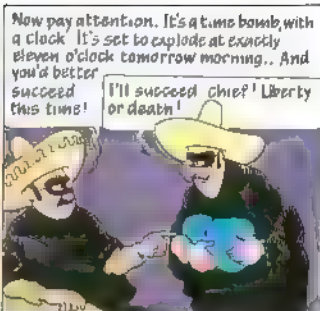
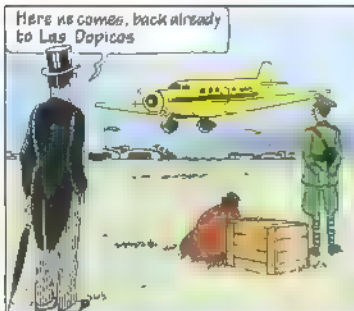


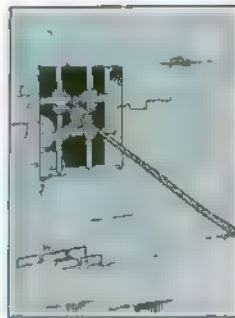
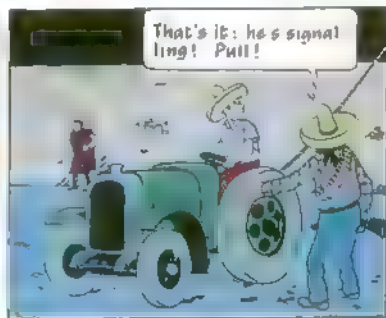
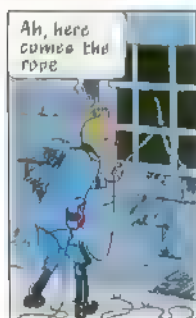
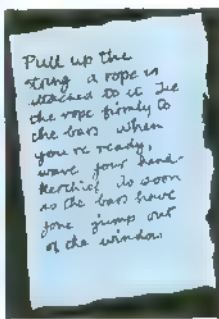
That's Señor Bazarov's private plane.

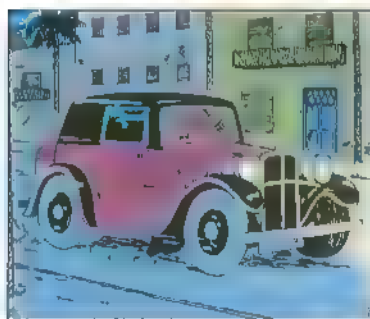
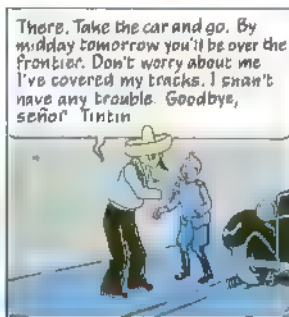
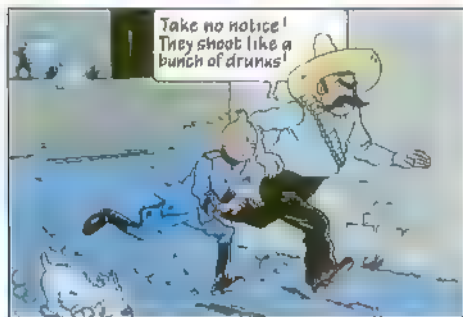
SANFACION

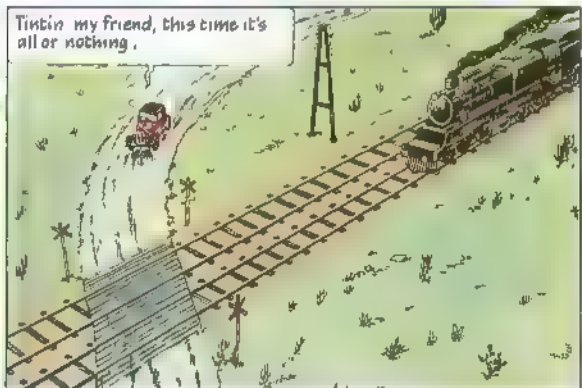
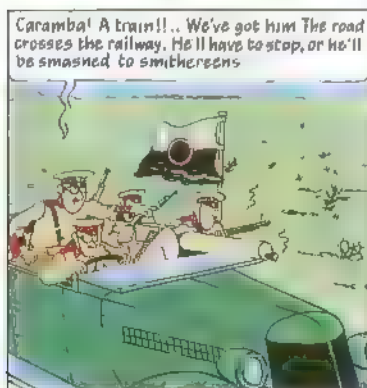
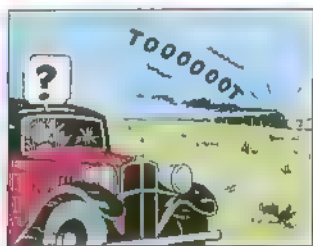
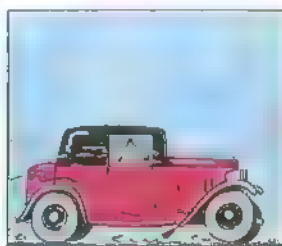
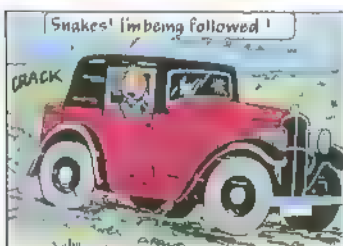
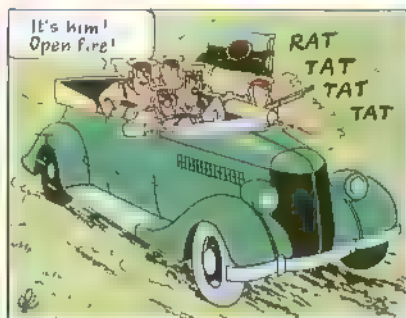
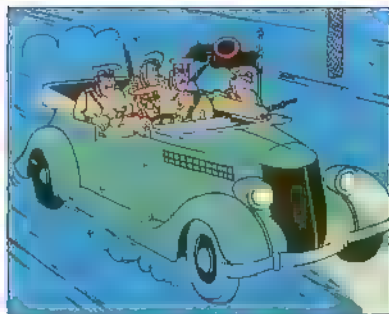
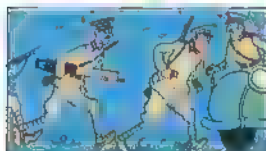
... and six dozen 75 TRGP with 60,000 shells, for the government of Nuevo-Rico. Payment in twelve monthly instalments.

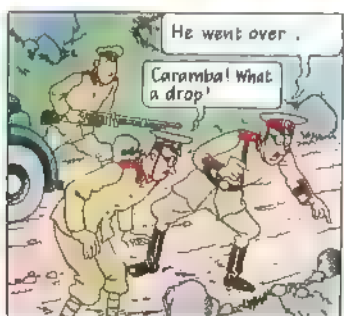
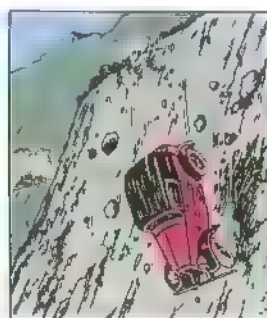
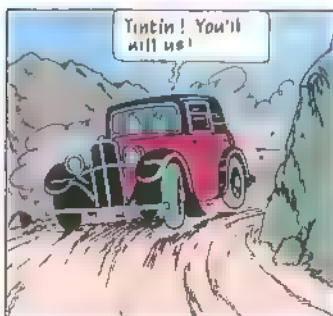
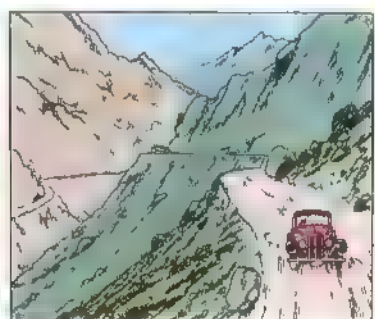
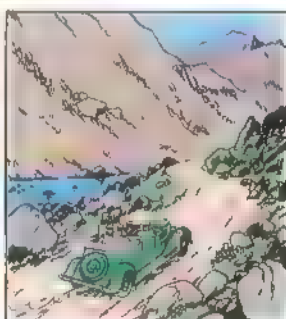
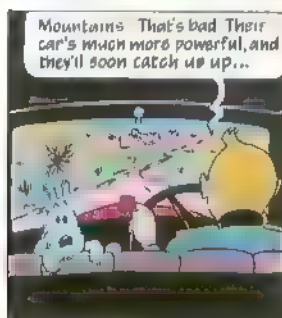
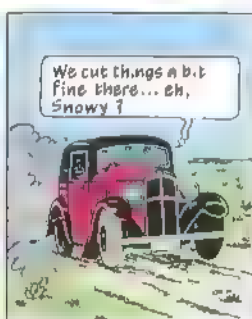
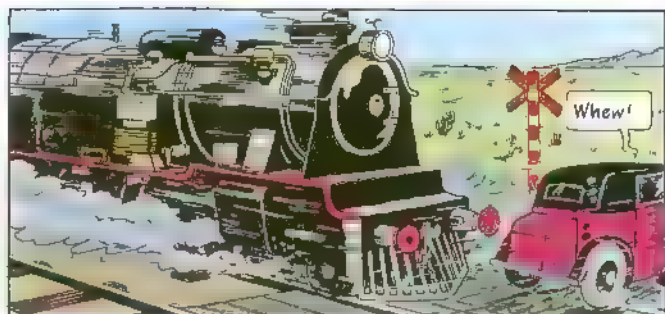


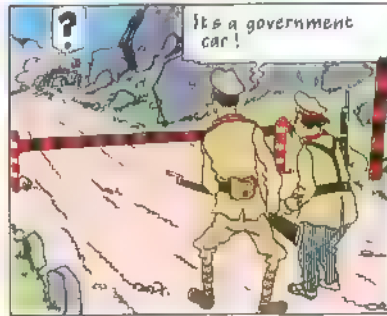
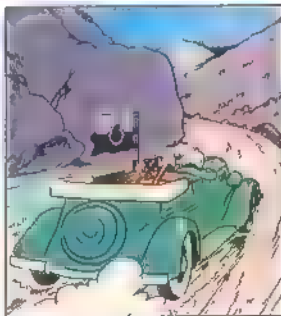
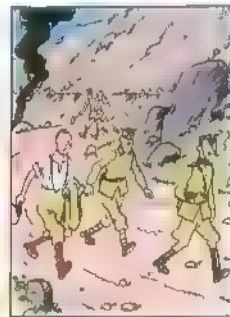
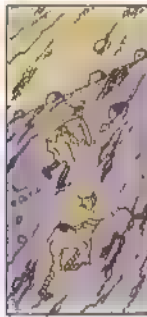
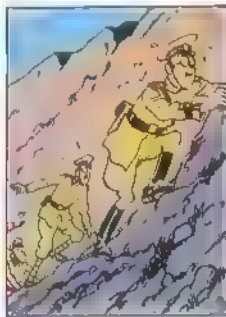
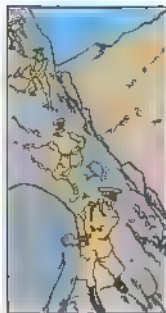




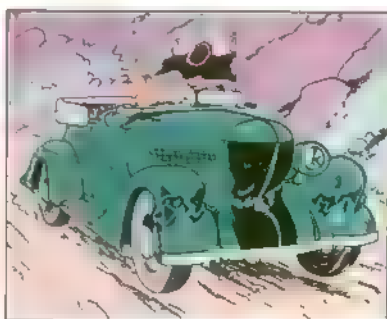




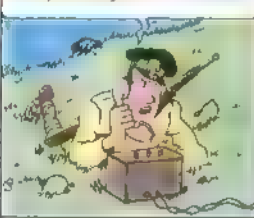




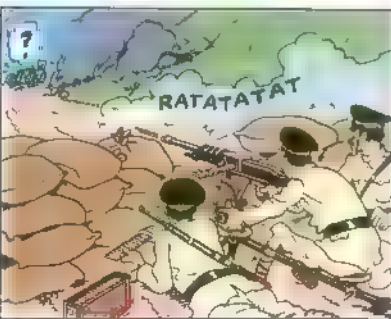
If they stop me, I'm caught
and if that's a strong
barrier, I'm dead.



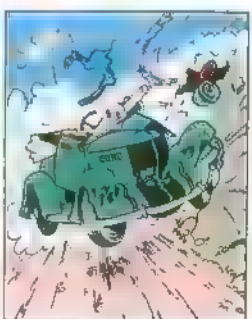
Hello?... Border post 31?...
Patrol No. 4 here... A San-
Theodorian armoured
machine-gun just raced past
here, heading for the frontier.

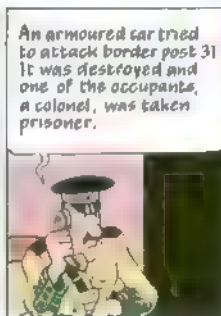
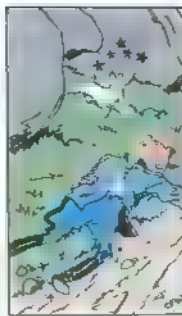
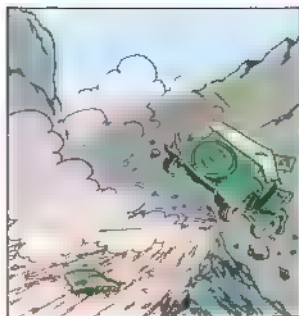


Red alert!... San-
Theodorian armoured
car reported
Man your posts!



Watch out Snowy! They're
shooting at our tyres!

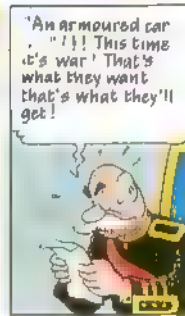




An armoured car tried to attack border post 31. It was destroyed and one of the occupants, a colonel, was taken prisoner.



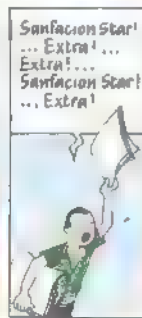
In Sanfacion...
General! General! This dispatch has just come by telephone!



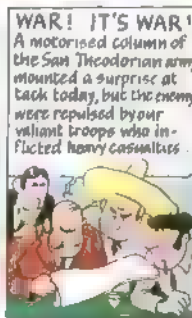
"An armoured car...!! This time it's war! That's what they want that's what they'll get!"



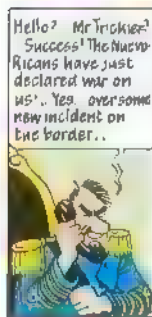
Pass this communiqué to the newspapers. I want special editions on the streets in an hour!



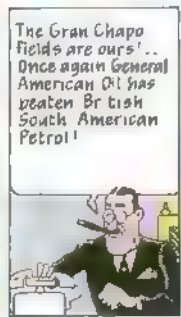
Sanfacion Star! ... Extra! ... Extra! ... Sanfacion Star! ... Extra!



WAR! IT'S WAR!
A motorised column of the San Theodorian army mounted a surprise attack today, but the enemy were repulsed by our valiant troops who inflicted heavy casualties.



Hello? Mr Trickier? Success! The Nuevo Ricans have just declared war on us! ... Yes, oversome new incident on the border...



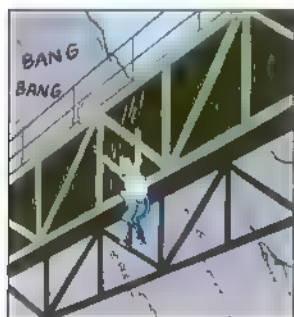
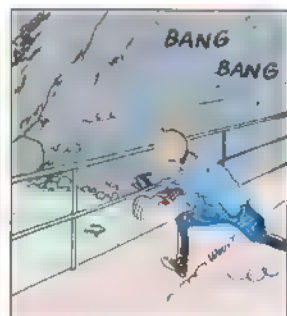
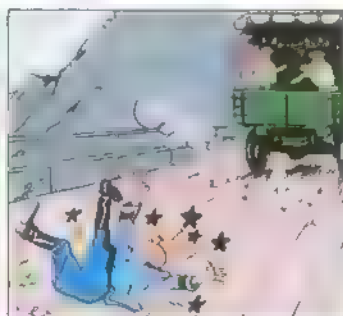
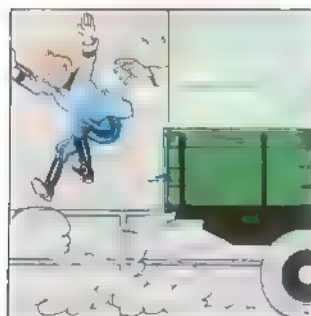
The Gran Chapo fields are ours! ... Once again General American O! has beaten British South American Petrol!

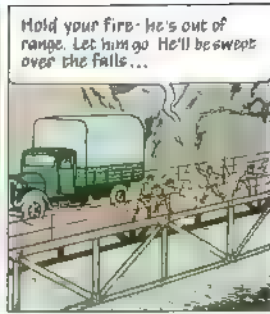
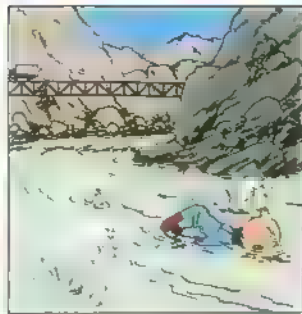


In a fortnight all the Gran Chapo will be in British hands. Then I hope you in British South-American Petrol will not forget your promises.



The first chance we get, we desert and ...
... we look for these Petrich again.

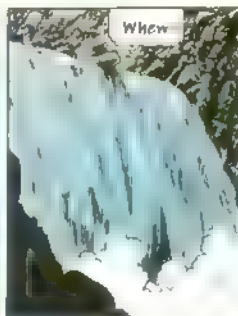




Hold your fire- he's out of range. Let him go. He'll be swept over the falls...



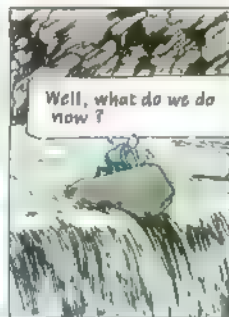
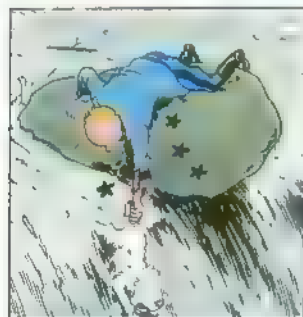
If I can't reach that rock I'm done for!



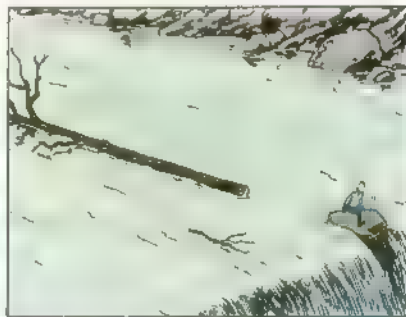
When



WOOAH!



Well, what do we do now?



?



A tree trunk! ... Don't let it go .. it could be our only chance!



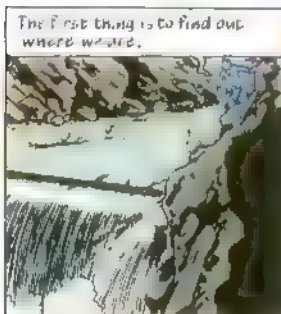
Ah! It's swinging round!



That's it. We can get across with luck!



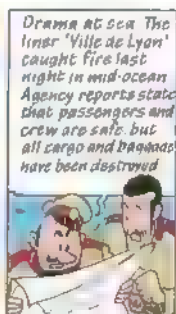
We're safe now, snowy



The first thing is to find out where we are.



Meanwhile
Caramba! Listen to this, Ramon...

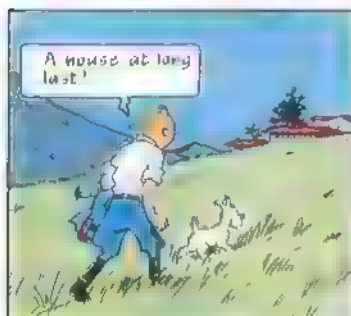


Drama at sea The liner 'Ville de Lyon' caught fire last night in mid-ocean. Agency reports state that passengers and crew are safe, but all cargo and baggage have been destroyed.



The fetish! The Fetish burnt!

Unless... unless these Tintin is lying when he tells us these Fetish is in his trunk



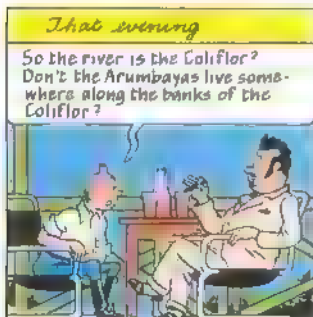
A house at long last!



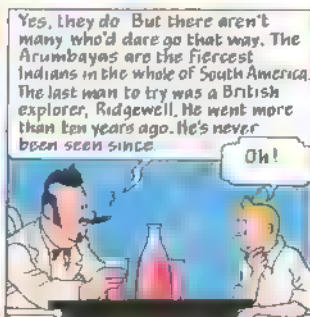
He's lost and is seeking shelter?.. But of course, bring him in



Don José Trujillo owns this hacienda. He is very happy to welcome you



That evening
So the river is the Coliflor? Don't the Arumbayas live somewhere along the banks of the Coliflor?



Yes, they do. But there aren't many who'd dare go that way. The Arumbayas are the fiercest Indians in the whole of South America. The last man to try was a British explorer, Ridgewell. He went more than ten years ago. He's never been seen since.

Oh!



D'you think there's anyone who'd agree to take me there?

?

Next morning

This is Caraco, an Indian who knows the river well. But I doubt I had dare go there.



I want to go down river. Will you act as my guide?

Si, señor



I... er... I want to visit the Arumbayas

!

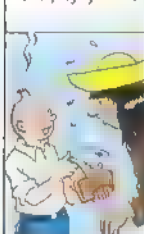


Arumbayas! Very bad people! No! Caraco no go!

Chicken!



Wait, Caraco. Think it over. Look what I'll pay you...



Caraco go. But Caraco very poor man. The señor will buy canoe of Caraco.

Al right I'll buy it



Caraco know other white señor. He want to go to Arumbayas. Long, long time ago. Other white señor.

I know, he never came back.

And that doesn't bother you?



Several days later



Soon is night, señor

You're right. We must stop



Tomorrow, we come to country of Arumbayas



Goodnight, señor

Goodnight, Caraco



Next morning

Where's Caraco?



The canoe is still there, anyway





CARACO!



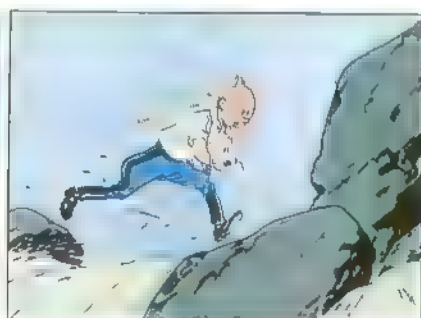
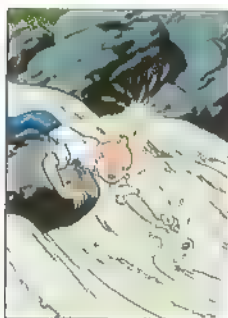
He's left me!.. Now I understand why he wanted me to buy his canoe... So I could go on alone!



Careful now!.. Rap ds!



The canoe!...The canoe, with the guns and the food! All gone!



Well... Now I really am in a jam!
.. No gun, no food, in hostile country...and all by myself!

!?! I don't count any more I suppose?



It's funny, but I have a feeling some body's watching us.

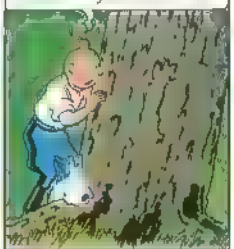
you.. th-th think...s-so?



OH!



A dart! It's sure to be poisoned. Do you remember Snowy? Curare!



I can't hear anything now. I must have shaken them off.



Cowards! Come on out and show yourselves, unless you're afraid to!

Tin! You'll get yourself killed!



WOOAH



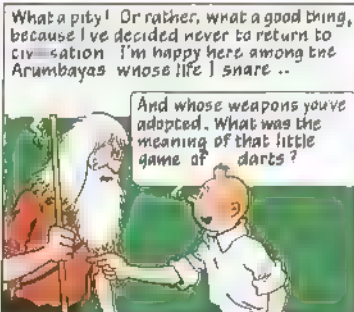
Who are you? And what brings you to this place?

My name is Tinlin. who... who are you?



My name is Ridgewell

Ridgewell? The explorer? But everybody thinks you're dead.



What a pity! Or rather, what a good thing, because I've decided never to return to civilization. I'm happy here among the Arumbayas whose life I snare...

And whose weapons you've adopted. What was the meaning of that little game of darts?

I just wanted you to have an unfriendly reception, to encourage you to leave at once. Believe me, if I'd wanted to kill you it wouldn't have taken more than one dart. Look, I'll prove it. You see that big flower over there?

Yes



Good shot!



WOAAAAH!

?



Ooh! I'm so sorry!

WOAAAAH!



Don't worry, the dart wasn't poisoned. Use my handkerchief for a bandage.



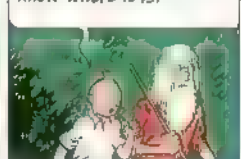
Now, tell me how you come to be here in this country...



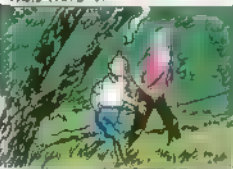
Well, it's like this. An Arumbaya fetish in a museum in Europe, brought back by the explorer Walker, was stolen and replaced by a copy. I noticed the substitution. Two other men were also on the track of the real fetish and whoever had stolen it.



I followed these two men to South America. They killed the thief on board ship and stole his fetish. But this one too was a fake. So now I'm trying to find the real fetish, and I still don't know where it is.



... Just as I still don't know what they were all after. Tortilla, the first thief, and his two killers. They all wanted the fetish. But why they wanted it is still a complete mystery. So I thought perhaps that here...



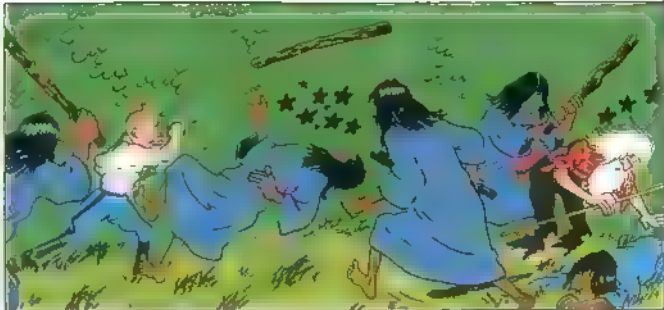
... among the Arumbayas I might learn something fresh about it...

Perhaps you may be quite possible...



Rumbabab! Sworn enemies of the Arumbayas!





What will they do to us? I, at least, am easy! They'll cut off our heads and by a most ingenious process they'll shrink them to the size of an apple!

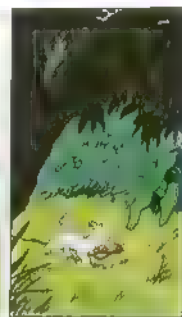


Ah! wada tu'vali bahn chaco conats! Ha! ha! ha!

Just as I thought. He means our heads will soon be added to his collection!

They've gone... Snowy, you've absolutely got to save Tintin!

If I can find the Arumbaya village, and take this thing to them, perhaps they'll understand that its owner is in danger.



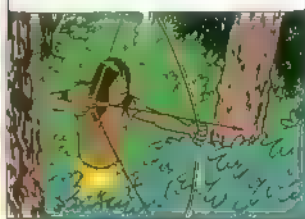
Meanwhile, in the Arumbaya village.

The Spirits tell me that if your son is to be cured, he must eat the heart of the first animal you meet in the forest...

I go, most powerful one!



What a strange animal! ... And what's it carrying in its mouth? A quiver! That's funny... I must try to catch it alive...





See, O witch doctor This cloth belongs to the old bearded one and the quiver also Perhaps the old bearded one is in danger?



You mind your own business!.. Give me the animal and go! I shall kill the creature and take out its heart, this I shall give to your son to eat. Go now!



And if you breathe one word of all this, I shall call down the Spirits upon you and your family and you will all be changed into frogs!



No danger now he won't gossip But he's right The old bearded one may be in trouble. All the better! Let's hope he dies! Then I shall regain my power over the Arumbayas Now, before I kill the animal I must burn these things...they might give me away



Great Spirits of the forest, we bring thee a sacrifice of these two strangers



Stop O chief of the Rumbabas! The Spirits of the forest do not accept your sacrifice!



These two strangers are Friends of the forest You will set them free



It's magic .. witchcraft!



Magic? Didn't you realise it was me speaking? I'm a ventriloquist Ventriloquism, I'd have you know my young friend, is my pet hobby.



Brother Arumbayas, you are about to witness a remarkable phenomenon



We will take out this animal's heart and give it, still beating, to our sick brother



YAAH!

The old bearded one!

The villain! Lucky you decided to come and look for us Karamelo, otherwise we'd have been too late

Let me introduce Avakuki, chief of the Arumbayas

Dwar ya? Ts goola meeche mai 'lee

It's a pleasure to see

Nahuk Diarem mem bah dabrah nai dul? Tintin zluk infu rit'h Kanyah elpin?

Dabrah nai dul? Oi, o! Slaika tolah. Dabrai b'giv dabrah nai dul to Walker. Ewuz anais-gi. Buttiz'h felez tukahr presh usdujel Enefda Arumbayas ket chinman lavis gutefa gahlah'z. Nomess in'h!

I was just asking the chief about the fetish, and this is what he told me... You'll be interested ...

I'm all ears!

? ?

Nitwits!

Cohrluv qhduk! A! toha bahitta ferip inbaul intada oh'i! Andatdohn Meenis ferip ineer oh'i!

I should never have started to teach them golf! They just can't learn to play properly!

But to come back to the fetish The elders of the tribe still remember about the Walker expedition. It's quite a tale. They know that a fetish was offered as a token of friendship to Walker during his stay with the tribe. But as soon as the explorers had left ...

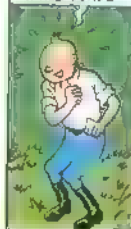
The Arumbayas discovered that a sacred stone had disappeared. It seems that the stone gave protection from snake bite to anyone who touched it. The tribe remembered a half-caste named Lopez, the explorers' interpreter, who was often seen prowling around the hut where the magic stone was kept under guard.



The Arumbayas were furious. They set off in pursuit of the expedition, caught up with them, and massacred almost all the party. Walter himself managed to escape, carrying the fetish. As for the half-caste, although badly wounded, he too got away. The stone, probably a diamond, was never recovered. That's how the story goes.



Now I understand... The whole thing makes sense!



Listen! The half-caste steals the stone, and to avoid suspicion he conceals it in the fetish. He thinks he'll be able to get it back later on.



But the Arumbayas attack the expedition and Lopez is wounded. He has to flee without the diamond. And that's it!... The diamond is still in its hiding place, and that's why Tortilla, and after him his two killers, tried to steal the fetish.



It looks to me as if you're right!

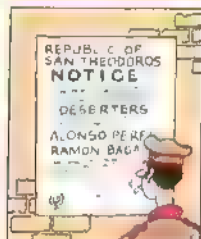
So now all I have to do is find the fetish... and return to Europe!



Some days later



Meanwhile...



We simply must get hold of a canoe...



Look!... There's a canoe and with one man only. But... I think I am seeing things, or it's a dream. These men.

Caramba! It's Tortilla!



We'll rest here for a while before we continue our journey.

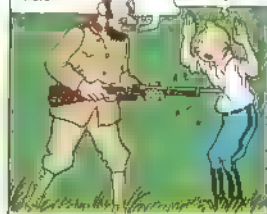


So we meet again, eh?



Let's start talking!... Did you know the 'Ville de Lyon' had been completely destroyed by fire... burnt out!

Really?



Yes, really! And the fetish you left in your trunk has been destroyed!... Burnt!... All because of you. You are going to pay dearly my friend!

No! I told you... The real fetish wasn't aboard.



Oho! So you lied to us! Well, now you're going to tell us where it is. And don't try to fool us again!

I've already told you: I know nothing about it..

Now I listen carefully! There's one more round left in this gun. On the count of three if you haven't talked, I swear that bullet's for you! One! Two!

Look out! A snake!

Where?

YOW!

Here!

OOH!

Caramba!

!?

Ha ha! ha!
I've got you at last



Good! ... Now they're safely taken care of, let's see what he's got in his wallet



OHO!



Arre-m-ay
I am dying
Walker expedition
the diamond
in the fetish
the broken
car
Lopez

Where did you get this note? ... Tell me!



In the ship, on our way to Europe Tortilla dropped it. But we didn't know what it meant. Tortilla was just a fellow passenger. We only realised the significance of the paper when we read about the fetish being stolen from the museum. ... Then we decided we'd try to get the fetish away from Tortilla.



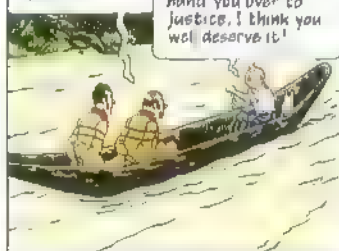
Excellent! Now, the only thing we don't know is how Tortilla got hold of this note. But since he's dead, I don't suppose we'll ever discover that! ... So now, gentlemen, let's get moving!



And behave yourselves!



What are you planning to do with us?



No problem. I shall hand you over to justice, I think you well deserve it!

Hand us over to justice? ... Ha! ha! ha!



Don't count your chickens before they're hatched my fine friend



Teep heem can!



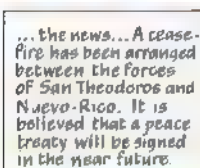
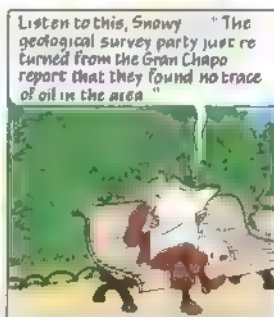
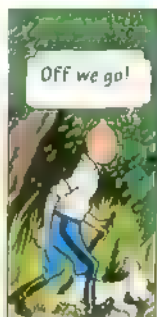
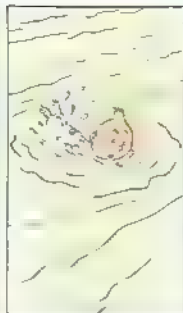
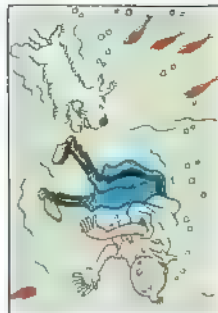
Got you!

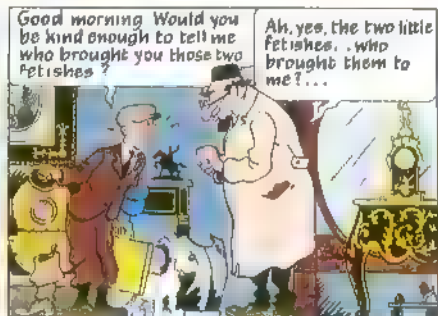
Bravo!

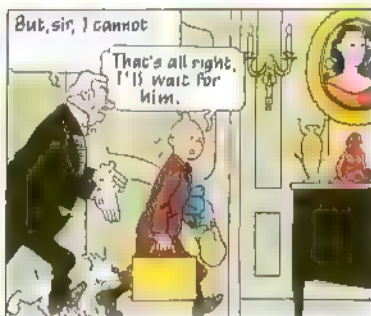
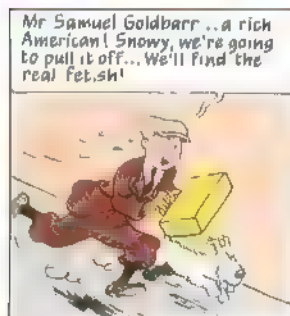
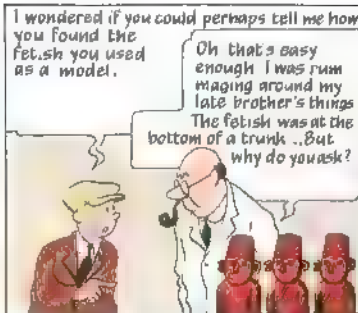


There!

He's finished! Look, Alonso! These piranhas, these man-eating fishes, they come for them already!







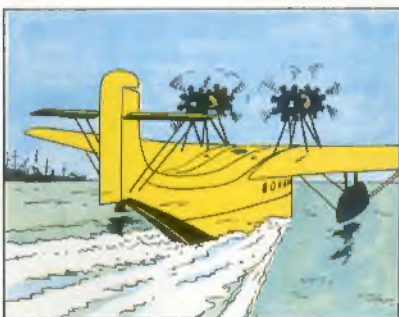
But if you really want to catch her, maybe you could hitch a ride from the air-base over there ... It's not far



... catch the 'Washington', eh? ... Hm... maybe... We happen to have a plane going out to her... to deliver some mail ...



First service for lunch, please!
... First service for lunch! ...

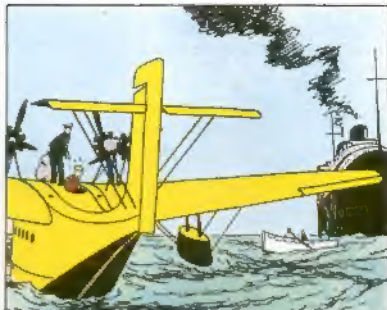


There goes Goldbarr... He's off to lunch. Now's our chance!

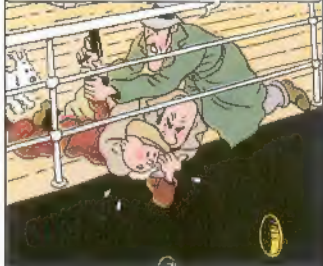


Ramón! ... Ramón! ...
Look! ... I've got it!





Ees lost! ...Ees because of you...
You pay for thees!



Oooh! My fetish!
My beautiful fetish!



Mr. Goldbar? ... I'm terribly sorry
your fetish has been damaged.
I can explain everything if you'll
allow me...



... I think you should know
that your fetish is stolen
property.



Yes, I know
where you bought
it, and I'm sure the
man who sold it
to you acted in
good faith...



If that's the case, I wouldn't
consider keeping the fetish
for a moment longer. If
you're going back on shore,
can I ask you to take it and
restore it to the museum
where it belongs? I'd
be greatly obliged!



May I please speak to the
Director?



And now, Snowy my
friend, we're going to
take a well-earned
rest!



2001/5

